

The Mercury

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.  
125 THAMES STREET,  
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SOCIETIES OCCUPYING MERCURY HALL.  
MATHIAS LODGE NO. 24, N. E. O. P.,  
Barn H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Gold-  
dard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thurs-  
day evenings in each month.  
THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY,  
Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Field-  
house, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednes-  
day evenings of each month.  
RENEWAL LODGE, N. H. K. of P., James F.  
Beaumont, Chancellor; Commander; Robert  
S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and  
Feals; meet every Friday evening.  
DAVIS DIVISION NO. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sh.  
Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Ever-  
ett J. Gordon, Recorder; meets first Friday  
evening in each month.  
NEWPORT CAMP, No. 767, M. W. A., A.  
A. Voge, Van, Consul; Charles S. Packer,  
Clerk. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings  
of each month.

Local Matters.

Rose and Strawberry Show.

The annual Rose and Strawberry Ex-  
hibition by the Newport Horticultural  
Society on Tuesday and Wednesday  
of this week has not been surpassed in  
beauty by any of its predecessors,  
charming though they have been. Mu-  
sonic Hall was converted into a bower  
of beauty where coolness and comfort  
could be enjoyed regardless of the ex-  
cessive heat outside. Roses in profu-  
sion brightened the room with their  
varied colors, while their perfume was  
as pleasing to the nostrils as their beauty  
was to the eye. Palms and ferns for-  
med the fitting background of green  
which served to enhance the mass of  
color from the roses. The strawberry  
exhibit was not large, owing perhaps  
to the fact that the strawberry season  
has not been a very successful one, but  
the few exhibits of this fruit were en-  
titled to considerable praise for the  
very creditable displays that they  
made.

The exhibition was originally plan-  
ned for a week earlier but the back-  
ward season made it absolutely neces-  
sary to postpone the affair until July.  
The attendance at the exhibition was  
very fair considering the intense heat  
that prevailed.

Among the special prizes offered by  
individuals and which called forth  
some remarkably handsome exhibits  
were the Elbridge T. Gerry prize for  
palms, the Louis L. Lorillard prize for  
ferns, Mrs. Burke-Roches prize for a  
collection of 100 roses, and the Society's  
prize for a group of foliage plants ar-  
ranged for effect. The judges were  
Messrs. Bruce Butterton, Frederick  
Smythe and Richard Gardner.

Today's Race.

Thomas W. Lawson's yacht In-  
dependence came into the harbor on  
Thursday and is anchored near the  
fort. The race today will be between  
the Independence, Constitution and  
Columbia and interest runs high on the  
result. The Independence cannot be  
said to be the favorite but there are  
many yachtsmen who hope to see her  
win. Shrewd boatmen agree that  
Frank Hall will bring out the best  
there is in any boat and keep his  
opponents guessing. The races this  
week have not been of any great  
help in gauging the capabili-  
ties of the Constitution, although  
she is generally conceded to be slightly  
faster than the Columbia. The race  
today, if the wind is favorable and  
there are no accidents, should show  
positively on a matter of a minute of  
the three big yachts. There will be plenty  
of opportunity for spectators to see the  
race as the Fall River line are sending  
out one of their magnificent steamers  
and there will be smaller craft to carry  
spectators.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Topham  
leave this evening for New Rochelle,  
where they will be guests of Mr. and  
Mrs. Joseph Fogarty; their daughter  
and son-in-law.

The supreme court sessions this week  
have been very brief, few cases being  
ready for trial at the times assigned.

Independence Day.

A Comparatively Quiet Observation of the  
Day in Newport—Sports and Races,  
Concerts and Fireworks were in Order—  
Interesting Exercises by the Cincinnati.

Thursday, July 5, 1901, was an ideal  
day for a holiday, as far as the weather  
was concerned. The sun shone brightly  
during the day, but the excessive heat  
of the preceding week had moderated  
considerably so that one could enjoy  
the festivities of the day without fear  
of serious consequences from the heat.  
The celebration may generally be con-  
sidered a fairly quiet one, although there  
were plenty of attractions for those  
who wished to take advantage of them.  
Of course there was about the usual  
amount of noise from firecrackers,  
in horns, etc., in the hands of small  
boys and others, but they must have  
been more cautious in their use than  
usual, for there was no alarm of fire and  
no serious accident during the day.  
There were a few accidents caused by  
horses taking fright at sudden noises,  
but these were all of a comparatively  
trivial nature. There were a large  
number of excursionists in town, com-  
ing by boat and by electric, and all of  
them were well behaved. The steamer  
City of Lowell brought a large excu-  
sion from Norwich and New London,  
landing at Long wharf at 1 o'clock and  
leaving for the return at 4:30.

The features of the day were the boat  
races in the morning and the fireworks  
and concerts in the evening. The day  
was ushered in at 6 a. m. with the  
ringing of bells for 30 minutes and a  
national salute by the gun squad of the  
Newport Artillery. This was repeated  
at noon and at 6 p. m.

Long before ten o'clock, the hour set  
for the cutter race, the harbor synar-  
med with large and small craft, laden  
with passengers, and long wharf and  
other points of vantage along the water  
front were black with spectators intent  
on seeing the race. Several of the rac-  
ing crews were encouraged by their  
sympathizers who chartered launches  
to follow them over their course. Wind  
and water were favorable to a fast race.  
There were five entries—Naval Re-  
serves, F. M. T. A. Society, Training  
Station, Old Colony, and Alabama. The  
prize was \$100 offered by Mayor Gar-  
retson and the course was from the  
torpedo station to a buoy near the train-  
ing station and return, a distance of  
three miles. The F. M. T. A. Society  
was easily first, winning by 45 seconds,  
with the Old Colony, Naval Reserves,  
Training Station, and Alabama in the  
order named. A cutter race between  
the Kearsarge and Alabama was won  
by the latter.

The cat boat race under the auspices  
of the Newport Yacht club was started  
at a few minutes after 12 and there  
were about 20 entries. The win was  
too light for a good race, however, and  
a number of the craft that entered did  
not finish. The winners in their re-  
spective classes were as follows: Gad-  
fly, H. J. Thet, 3:37:58; Restless, John  
Richardson, 3:45:35; Niobrara, Scanne-  
vin Brothers, 3:41:40; Vesper, Charles  
S. Plummer, (one round) 1:57:46.

There were two ball games, the morn-  
ing game between the South Ends and  
the Newport Catholic Association being  
won by the former, 19 to 5. The New-  
ports beat the Holy Names, 23 to 20,  
in the afternoon. In the afternoon there  
was a parade of the fire department ap-  
paratus headed by the Newport Mil-  
itary Band, and an exhibition of speed  
along Bellevue avenue. The parade  
and speed trial attracted much atten-  
tion.

The harbor has seldom presented a  
more beautiful appearance, except on  
Fete nights, than it did Thursday eve-  
ning. Yachts were illuminated, war  
ships decorated and fireworks could be  
seen in different parts of the city. The  
prettiest spot in the harbor was just off  
Fort Greene, where the Training Sta-  
tion band played, and the city fire-  
works were set off. Up to about 8:30  
the three big battleships, Kearsarge,  
Alabama and Massachusetts, lay in  
complete darkness. Suddenly a huge  
bonfire of their search-lights were in ac-  
tion, throwing their powerful rays upon  
many American flags displayed from  
then asts. Each ship illuminated its  
own flag and the effect was beautiful  
in the extreme. A search light on Fort  
Greble "wig waggled" across the sky in  
the far distance. The sound of martial  
music came softly across the water, and  
all over the city of Newport beautiful  
pyrotechnic displays could be seen, ris-  
ing in a blaze of glory and fading  
slowly into the darkness. The night  
was clear and the wind was light and  
the beauty of the evening will long be  
remembered by all those who were on  
the water.

At Morton Park there were fireworks  
and a band concert and also a band con-  
cert on Touro Park.

Society of the Cincinnati.

The annual meeting of the Society of  
Cincinnati in Rhode Island at the  
State House in this city on July 4th

John Shaw Coggeshall.

The City Mourns the Loss of a Valued Of-  
ficer, a Veteran of the Civil War, and a  
Personal Friend to all who Knew Him.

When the news of the death of Mr.  
John S. Coggeshall, city treasurer, was  
spread around the city Wednesday  
afternoon sorrow entered many homes  
and also places of business. His death  
came as a severe blow to his much be-  
loved family and to his friends and  
acquaintances. He had been ill about  
six weeks, but not until last Sunday  
did his family realize or fear the dread-  
ful significance of his illness. The  
best medical attendants were called  
upon to administer to him and every-  
thing possible was done to relieve his  
sufferings and restore him to health,  
but without success.

Mr. Coggeshall was born in Newport  
in 1812 and was the second son of the late  
David Moore Coggeshall. He was edu-  
cated in the public schools of Newport  
and early in life he entered the Rhode  
Island Union Bank, later the Union Na-  
tional Bank, holding the position of  
cashier in both banks for many years.  
For several years he was an assistant to  
his father, the late David M. Cogges-  
hall, the latter being city treasurer. In  
October, 1893, at the time of his father's  
death, he was elected by the City Coun-  
cil to fill the vacancy, and was serving  
his eighth term at the time of his  
death.

He was one of the original members  
of the Newport Business Men's Associa-  
tion, being a member of its executive  
committee for several years; was a mem-  
ber of the Trustees of Long wharf,  
holding the position of secretary and  
treasurer for several years; a member  
of the board of directors of the Savings  
Bank of Newport and of the Union  
National Bank, and one of the trustees  
of the Christopher Townsend fund for  
the support of the Newport Free Library,  
and had been the executor of several  
large estates, including those of the late  
Ellen Townsend, the late Joseph M.  
Hammett and the late Maria E.  
Fitts.

When President Lincoln sent out a  
call for troops in 1861 he was one of the  
first to answer and enlisted with the  
Newport Artillery Company, in Com-  
pany F, First regiment, Rhode Island  
Detached Militia, serving as sergeant  
until the company was mustered out in  
1861. He was one of the charter mem-  
bers of Gen. G. K. Warren Post, No. 21,  
Grand Army of the Republic, and one  
of the trustees of that organization since  
its establishment; was also a member of  
Company F Association, having been  
its treasurer for many years. He was a  
member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A.  
F. and A. M.; of Washington Com-  
mandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, and  
of Corcoran Council, No. 63, Royal Ar-  
cannum, and a former member of the  
Newport Artillery.

Probably no man was more highly  
respected in this community than Mr.  
Coggeshall. He was a man of exem-  
plary character, and by his honesty and  
many noble traits of character had won  
the confidence and love of all with  
whom he came in contact. His many  
deeds of kindness and charity will be  
greatly missed by his many friends, for  
his life was full of thought for his fel-  
low beings, ever lending a helpful hand  
to those in need.

The esteem in which he was held by  
his fellow citizens was shown in a very  
remarkable manner by his being elected  
city treasurer for so many terms with-  
out any opposition.

Mr. Coggeshall married about five  
years ago Miss Martha Albin, daugh-  
ter of the late John C. Albin, and she  
survives him; also a mother and two  
brothers, David M. Coggeshall and  
William A. Coggeshall.

The funeral will be solemnized from  
his late residence, 9 Ayrault street, this  
afternoon, Rev. T. Calvin McClelland,  
pastor of the United Congregational  
church, will officiate.

A woman, who refused to give her  
name, had a narrow escape from drown-  
ing at Easton's beach Thursday. She  
was brought out by a stranger and re-  
stored to consciousness by Mr. W. A.  
Crosby and Swimming Master John-  
son.

Similar Inspector Oman's wagon  
and a wagon driven by a Portuguese  
collied on Thames street Thursday  
morning. After some discussion the  
Portuguese pulled for the damaged  
wheel to Mr. Oman's team.

Miss Lattie Hilton, one of the Mer-  
cury employees, has been confined to  
her home by illness. Although not  
able to be at work, she has so far re-  
covered as to walk out.

The corner-stone of the new B. N. na-  
tional church was laid by Bishop Clark  
on Saturday with fitting and impres-  
sive services.

Miss Mary M. Niss left for New York  
Tuesday evening, and Wednesday noon,  
at 12 o'clock, sailed for Europe.

Mrs. Rowland S. Langley, who has  
been quite ill during the past week, is  
improving.

City Council.

The regular monthly meeting of the  
city council on Tuesday evening was a  
very quiet one and little business of im-  
portance was transacted. All the mem-  
bers of both branches of the city govern-  
ment were present. The report of the  
finance committee was received and  
bills were ordered paid from the sev-  
eral appropriations as follows:

City Assessor	\$250.00
Fire Department	1,250.00
Health Department	1,000.00
Public Parks	250.00
Police	3,000.00
Paupers and Vagrants	250.00
Public Schools	2,000.00
Street and Highways	1,500.00
Public Buildings	1,000.00
Book, Stationery and Printing	500.00
Lighting Streets	2,250.00
Electricity	250.00
Here Taxes	50.00
Touro Jews Synagogue Fund	100.00
Burial Grounds	50.00
Dog Fund	10.00
	\$18,000.00

The overseers of the city asylum re-  
ported that the addition to the build-  
ing is nearly completed, and on their  
recommendation \$100 was appropriated  
for furnishing the chapel. A petition  
asking that the Newport & Fall River  
Street Railway Company be required to  
build a new road bed and make other  
improvements was referred to the com-  
mittee on streets and highways.

The common council passed a resolu-  
tion appropriating \$300 for the ex-  
pense of transporting the Seventh U. S.  
Artillery Band to Morton park for Sun-  
day afternoon concerts but when this  
resolution reached the board of alder-  
men it was defeated as the statement  
was made that the street railway com-  
pany was willing to defray this ex-  
pense.

On recommendation of the committee  
on streets and highways resolutions  
were adopted authorizing the follow-  
ing improvements: Sewer in Mt. Ver-  
non court, \$400; steel curb and gutter  
in Edward street, \$3,000; repairs and  
improvements to Wellington avenue,  
\$8,500; sewer in Meikle avenue, \$400;  
grading and improving Edgar court,  
\$400; curbing and macadamizing Rose-  
neath avenue, \$400; curbing and re-  
pairing Dearborn street, \$2,300.

Petition of residents of Rhode Island  
avenue for substitution of Welsbach  
lights for the regular gas lamps on that  
street was referred to the committee on  
street lights. An ordinance was passed  
fixing the speed of automobiles in the  
city at 6 miles an hour. The monthly  
reports of the street commissioner and  
of the chief of police were received. A  
fire alarm indicator was ordered placed  
in No. 3 engine house. Five additional  
McIntannay voting machines were  
authorized. A petition from the Indus-  
trial Trust Company, administrator on  
the estate of Nancy Hall, for an abate-  
ment of taxes amounting to \$210.92,  
was referred to the tax assessors. A  
petition for the acceptance of Morton  
road as a public highway was referred  
to the committee on streets and high-  
ways.

The board of aldermen granted sev-  
eral licenses to sell fireworks and the  
report of its commission on widening  
Wellington avenue was received. This  
report, which was temporarily laid on  
the table fixed the damages as follows:  
Estate of Frank Hammett, \$2,000; New-  
port Gas Light Co., \$2,250; Samuel L.  
Honey, \$125; Thomas Hayes, \$50.

Wedding Bells.

Greenham-Hynes.

At St. Mary's rectory Wednesday  
evening Miss Helen Hynes and Mr.  
William D. Greenham were united in  
marriage by Rev. Father Meenan. The  
bride wore a gown of white mousseline  
de soir. She was attended by Miss  
Mae Carter, who wore cream muslin  
and carried a bouquet of sweet peas.  
Mr. Thomas F. Hynes, a brother of the  
bride, was best man.

A reception followed at the residence  
of the bride on Thames street and was  
largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenham left on the  
New York boat for a wedding trip.

On Sunday afternoon, July 28, the  
Jewish organizations throughout the  
United States will hold a convention  
in Masonic Hall for the purpose of  
forming an organization of physical  
culture among the Jews of America.  
A mass meeting will be held in the  
evening in the same hall, when a  
number of prominent speakers will be  
heard.

An original widow's pension has been  
granted Mrs. Eunice Lawson of this  
city.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

Simon Hazard has rented for Miss  
A. R. Babcock to Charles F. Shea, the  
lower half of her house No. 10 Fir street.

L. P. Roberts has rented Cliff Cottage,  
No. 2, so called, to E. F. Robinson, for  
the season.

Excelsior Lodge Celebrates.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F.,  
observed its 10th anniversary this week  
in a fitting manner. Great credit is  
due to the very efficient committees  
who had the affair in charge for the  
able manner in which they performed  
their trying duties. The whole cele-  
bration was a complete success, every-  
thing contributing to its success, even  
including the sharp shower which  
helped to render the heated atmosphere  
more endurable.

The first feature of the celebration  
was a street parade on Monday eve-  
ning, at which the members of the  
lodge turned out with full ranks and  
marched about the principal streets of  
the city. The marchers carried lanterns  
at the ends of their cauls and made a  
very imposing appearance. The line  
was headed by the Newport Band.  
Considerable colored fire was burned  
along the line of march and the parade  
was frequently applauded.

The indoor ceremonies were held on  
Tuesday evening and were a success in  
every particular. The members and  
guests, including the ladies, assembled  
in the lodge room in the Odd Fellows  
building at seven o'clock and marched  
to the banquet hall on the lower floor.  
This room was handsomely decorated  
and presented a striking appearance.  
The long tables, which accommodated  
350 persons, were handsomely laid  
with silver, glass and snow-white  
linen, while bouquets of flowers at  
irregular intervals broke up the mono-  
tony. The walls were hung with red  
and were backed with ferns, while  
many small electric lights shed a soft  
glow over the room. An elaborate  
menu was served by Russell, to which  
all did ample justice.

Noble Grand George W. Batcheller  
presided and welcomed the guests, and  
Rev. Geo. Whitfield Mead asked a  
blessing.

After the banquet the guests ad-  
joined to the lodge room where an in-  
teresting vaudeville entertainment was  
given by the Boston Vaudeville Ex-  
change. At the conclusion of this en-  
tertainment the banquet hall was  
cleared for dancing, which was enjoyed  
by many couples to music by the Harry  
K. Howard orchestra. At midnight re-  
freshments were served by Koschuy  
and dancing was resumed, to last until  
the small hours of the morning.

It was a most enjoyable entertain-  
ment for the members and their ladies  
as well as the few invited guests.

Wedding Anniversary.

A party of friends gathered at the  
residence of Mr. and Mrs. Horace  
Yewell, on Spring street, Tuesday eve-  
ning, to celebrate the eleventh anniver-  
sary of their marriage, and a very pleas-  
ant evening was afforded all who were  
fortunate to be present. Mr. and Mrs.  
Yewell received their guests in the front  
parlor, and were assisted in receiving  
by Mrs. Yewell's sister, Miss Sidonia  
Crandall. Shortly before nine o'clock  
which was started and for two hours  
quiet reigned supreme, all entering into  
the play with a determination to win if  
possible, and some excellent scores were  
made. The signal was given for the  
final hand at eleven o'clock and at the  
finish the guests very reluctantly with-  
drew from the tables. It was found  
that Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., and Mr.  
H. Adelbert Luffield had captured the  
first prizes and Mrs. Etta A. Macdonald  
and Mr. James R. Crowley the second.  
The "consolations" were awarded to  
Mrs. James R. Crowley and Dr. John  
H. Sweet, Jr.

About midnight the guests sat down  
to a bountiful supper and probably no  
merrier party were ever assembled at a  
table. After all were seated Dr. John  
H. Sweet, Jr., was given an opportunity  
to show his ability as a speech-maker,  
and proved himself the right person in  
the right place, and it is probable that  
the doctor will be called upon again, on  
some future occasion, for a repetition of  
what proved a surprise and treat to  
his hearers. Before the finish he pre-  
sented the host and hostess, in behalf  
of all present, with several pretty gifts.  
Mr. and Mrs. Yewell were taken com-  
pletely by surprise, but both expressed  
their gratitude for the kind thought  
given them by their friends.

After supper a musical program was  
in order. Piano selections were ren-  
dered by Mrs. James R. Crowley, Mrs.  
John H. Sweet, Jr., and Mrs. Everett I.  
Gorton, with Mr. James R. Crowley  
accompanying on the violin. Dancing  
followed, all making merry in the  
evening's festivities. It was a late hour  
when the guests departed, hoping that  
the next wedding anniversary of the  
host and hostess might be celebrated as  
pleasantly as the one just ended.

Anthony Buckley's horse became  
frightened Thursday by a fire cracker  
and the horse started to run away,  
throwing Mr. Buckley out of the team.  
The runaway locked wheels with an  
ice cart and was brought to a stand-  
still. Mr. Buckley was taken to Dr.  
Murphy's office and it was found nec-  
essary to take some stitches in his  
head.

Additional local notes on page 3.



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## CHAPTER V.

For a man, who has never had the leisure to appreciate the uses of a social club, absolute inaction, on the very verge of intense action, is intolerable torment. Thinking of anything was utterly out of the question. He did not dare to return to his office. He was not afraid of the elevator boy. The sun was never so procerastinating. He dined slowly and mechanically at the club, and still it was not time. He ordered a carriage and drove to the main entrance of the office building. Still there was time; but there might not be later, and, to avoid unnecessary delay or conversation at the last moment, he carefully instructed the driver that when he returned and entered the carriage he was to start at once, without a word, and drive as rapidly as possible to the ferry.

"When we reach the other side I will tell you further where to go," he said, and turned away; and still there was time to kill.

The driver laid the instructions away in the vacant corner of his brain where he stored such things, and forthwith went to sleep.

Stanton shrank into the darkest corner of the gloomy entrance and went on waiting.

The shrinking was only a matter of instinct. His course and his chances had appeared more and more doubtful with each half hour. There's nothing like immoderate waiting to make a coward of a man; and, besides, it began to appear quite possible that if John O'Leary could speak he would say: "Let the other one have it, Robert, rather than try to save it in such a way as this."

For the hundredth time he tried to fashion Esther Thorndike—the poor deformed creature who was to throw herself away just to serve his purposes.

"Confound it, it's a shame," he muttered. "I've been a blind, selfish brute. I'll tell her so, when she comes, and send her away again. It must be eight o'clock. Ha! there's the clock striking, at last. She's late. Women are not to be trusted, anyway. I—"

A messenger boy touched his arm, repeating the name "Malcolm?" in a questioning way, and holding out an envelope.

With a shrug of his shoulders the young lawyer took it and turned it slowly over in his hands. There was no doubt about whom it came from or that she was not coming herself. He forgot that a moment before he had been earnestly planning to set her free at once, and, muttering a fragment of the lines containing "Women and the fools who have faith in them," he actually put the envelope in his pocket, unopened, and was turning away, when the boy asked him for the answer.

"Answer?" he remarked, looking down in surprise. Then he slowly drew the letter from his pocket again, and, retreating farther into the shadow, opened it, lighted a match, and read:

"Mr. Raymond is in a carriage round the first corner. He is following you when you came. His driver sits where he can see it. If I shall come at once, send me word by the bearer. If not, I will wait where I am till he is away. E. T."

With a low whistle Stanton returned to the messenger and asked: "Do you want to take a ride?" The boy grinned, and he continued: "Here's a dollar for your time. Get into that carriage as quick as you can and slam the door after you, but don't speak to the driver. When he stops on the ferry and asks you where to go next, tell him to drive back to the stables and that I will pay him in the morning. See?"

The boy saw, for he was in the carriage in no time. The door closed with a bang that thoroughly woke the driver, whose educated brain caught up the threat precisely where he had dropped it. Before his eyes were well open, the blankets were off the horses, the whip had cracked over them, and they had started most satisfactorily.

Stanton watched them from the shadows. A moment later the tips of his teeth appeared under his mustache as a carriage came from the side street and followed his own with the messenger boy.

"Dat's him," he muttered, and was still looking after the lost interest, when another hand touched his arm, and another voice, softer than the messenger's, repeated:

"Mr. Malcolm?"

It was a time of swift vicissitudes for one guided by instinct. In the first quiet thoughts of his waiting he had honestly determined to give up the plan for the sake of her who was to be the sacrifice. A moment later he was turning away, disgusted that he had ever thought of trusting her. It took but a touch of opposition, in the shape of Raymond round the corner, to determine him to carry out the plan at all hazards. Now the determination vanished in an instant, whether because the sacrifice stood before him or because the way was clear of opposition, and he replied:

"I was this morning, but I am ashamed of it. My name is Stanton—Robert Stanton."

"Mine is Esther Thorndike. My friend explained to me what is required, and I am ready to act for you."

The young lawyer hardly realized what she was saying. He was looking for the deformity. It required but a moment to decide that at least it was not in her body. Whatever was wrong was surely under the veil. He could not even see the outline of the face.

She stood as if waiting for a reply, but he was not aware that she had asked a question. He tried to recall what she had said, and then took refuge in expressing his compunction.

"I've begun to realize that my plan was a very cold-blooded and selfish idea, and I've grown heartily ashamed of it," he said.

"A plain business bargain is hardly open to sentiment," she replied, quickly.

"I am quite ready, and if you are we had better start." It has just gone with your messenger-boy to Jersey City. He paused as his ear caught a low laugh tinkling under the veil. It was contagious. He was smiling, too, as he continued: "Shall we have another carriage and go on, risking a meeting? It seems cowardly to run from anyone, but there are many detestable things which we might do that would delay us till after midnight, in spite of anything but common law, which would be to degenerate altogether. I hate to run the other way, but perhaps it would be wiser, to-night, to go to Brooklyn instead. Does it matter to you?"

"Dr. Atwood is my pastor, and I would rather not go to him. But to anyone else. Yes, I think it would be better to go to Brooklyn," she said.

"Rev. Dr. Borden was a witness to the will. It might save publicly, in a legal way, afterwards, to have him also perform the ceremony."

It occurred to Stanton that this was really a remarkable idea, and he was wondering that it had not occurred to him before, as the lady replied:

"I know just where he lives, and perhaps it would be better that we should not go together. I will be there as soon as you."

She had hardly ceased speaking when she literally disappeared. Stanton looked after her for a moment, and the tips of his teeth appeared as he muttered:

"She'll be there some time before me at that rate. To say the least, she's not a cripple." Then he followed her.

On the way conflicting sentiments so thoroughly disturbed his first impressions of this new idea that by the time he arrived at Dr. Borden's he heartily wished himself anywhere else in the world, and it appeared the most fortunate thing that the good lawyer was attending a conference in lower New York and could not return before ten.

The lady talked incessantly, upon subjects which had always interested him, and more than once Stanton found, to his astonishment, that he was laughing heartily at her wit and joining eagerly in arguments, frequently with the conviction that he came out of them overmatched. He wondered that he was not bored, and said to himself that if it were not for the business ahead of him he should count it one of the pleasantest evenings of his life. Sometimes it occurred to him that he would have been fortunate if he had made the bargain for a real wife, instead; only how could he have known in advance? Yet underneath it all his other mind was entertaining conflicting sentiments about the advisability of securing the services of Judge Russell, after all. There were certain social complications which might result, later on, which would not threaten if Dr. Borden performed the ceremony. Besides twelve o'clock was creeping dangerously near, and at last he suggested that they go back to Dr. Borden's.

In all his life he had never been of so many minds; but the lady concurred with each as though it were the wisest possible suggestion, and they returned.

Her thought would have helped him, but ideas came in the abstract and in utter confusion, piling one on another. If Dr. Borden had returned, doubtless Stanton's first impulse would have been to turn and run. But Dr. Borden had not returned. It roused in him simply a determination to find him before it was too late.

Absolutely nothing occurred to him but to go at once to New York and hunt him up.

They went by the ferry, as nearer their destination and less conspicuous, and a curiously safe feeling crept into Stanton's heart as he walked by Esther Thorndike. He realized it, just as he had realized that she entertained him at Judge Russell's. He had no time for more than that among the crowding of conflicting sentiments concerning the business in hand, but he remembered the impression afterwards, and better appreciated it.

Among the thoughts that came to him was one picturing his condition at that moment had it not been for his first caller—had he been forced, for instance, to select the bedizened duchess for his bride, or the runaway school-girl.

His heart went out in an unaccountable fashion to Esther Thorndike. He wanted to grasp her hand and thank her for saving him from that. He did not venture quite so far; but he spoke to her that he might at least hear her voice in reply. It was like water to the thirsty. He wondered what it could be that was wrong with the hidden face. He was sorry for her—very sorry; and he resolved that as soon as this business was settled he would show her his gratitude and appreciation in a very substantial way. Indeed, he had reached a point where he was almost ready to declare that she should not sink into oblivion at all, when the boat touched the New York side, and she proposed remaining in the ferry waiting-room, that she might be near at hand when he wished her without hampering his search.

An hour later he came hurrying down the walk alone, his face expressive of failure.

Esther Thorndike was waiting at the gate. He knew her in an instant, but before he could speak she laid her hand on his arm, saying:

"Hurry. He just passed me. He is on this boat."

Again a strange feeling crept over him, which he remembered afterwards. As the wheels started, Esther Thorndike entered the ladies' cabin, and on the other side Stanton greeted the clergyman with the question:

"Do you remember my uncle's last words, Dr. Borden?"

Early in the morning the good doctor had heard that the property was taken from his young friend and parishioner. It fell like a heavy weight upon his heart, and all day long his mind had been upon the death-scene, with the dying words its salient feature. Instantly he repeated them: "Twelve o'clock, and all is well." "But, Robert," he said, anxiously, "what does this mean that I hear about the property?"

"A mistake," Stanton replied hurriedly. "It is for me to correct if I can, and I can do it with your help. I

did not like the way the property was left, and did not care to redeem it. Only last night I learned the reasons for my uncle's wish that I should keep it, and I resolved to do so if I could. I cannot explain it better now, but I will satisfy you fully later. The seizure of the estate was made according to the death certificate, which was dated December 5; but the physician has acknowledged that he was wrong, and, as you know from those last words my uncle did not die until after 12 o'clock. It was upon the 6th. If I am married before midnight to-night, I shall carry out my uncle's wishes."

"But the wife, Robert?" the good doctor said, lowering his head to look over the top of his glasses, as was his wont in moments of emergency.

"She is waiting in the ladies' cabin. We have been searching for you all the evening," Stanton replied.

"A good wife is better than riches, but a poor wife turns heaven into hell. I am sure your uncle would not have the property preserved at the risk of a sacrifice," the doctor said, a little doubtfully.

"She is very much too good for me, in any case," Stanton said, taking out his watch—a legal trick which rarely fails to distract the attention. Involuntarily Dr. Borden looked at his own watch, and his thoughts turned upon the time.

"It is 11:25, Robert," he said. "Too close to the last moment. Too much like a death-bed repentance. But we can make it by taking a carriage directly to the house. I've got the papers ready."

Stanton handed him the Brooklyn permit. He glanced at it and said:

"Esther Thorndike, Brooklyn. It's a good name, Stanton. Whatever there is in a name I don't know, but there's something; and that is a good one. But I don't seem to remember it. Where does she live?"

"She attends Dr. Atwood's church," Stanton replied, with some hesitation. He was not an expert at answering questions, especially when he had something to conceal, and from the doctor's tone it was evident that if he knew the facts his assistance would be doubtful.

"Yes, but her home?" Dr. Borden said. "There was a wild cry forward. Some one was overboard; and it was not surprising that Stanton's first thought was of Esther Thorndike."

Instantly leaving the doctor, he pushed his way frantically through the ladies' cabin till he found her, and, laying a trembling hand upon her shoulder, said:

"Thank heaven! I was afraid that it was you, and that I had driven you to it. I've been blind to every interest but my own. I want you to ask whatever it is that you are to ask me, and I will do it, and a great deal more, if I can, and we will let this miserable business drop right here."

"I am not troubled, sir," she replied, quietly. "Unless you are afraid to trust me, the end that you wish to accomplish is worth more than any sacrifice which I am making, and ought not to be abandoned."

Afraid to trust her—to trust Esther Thorndike? In his present condition that idea struck him as so unjust to the woman before him that it instantly threw the other thought from his mind, and he exclaimed: "Of course I trust you."

"Then we will carry out your plan," she said; and as the excitement forward became intense, they turned their attention towards it, and for a time neither spoke.

Some poor creature had gone into that icy water in search of the friendly hand of Death; but he was dragged out again at last and carried in triumph into the opposite cabin, to be forced again into the miseries whence he had tried to fly.

"A life saved. A blind omen for those about to marry," Dr. Borden exclaimed, coming upon the scene. "And this is the lady? I thought so. I've a great instinct. I can tell you I've known him from a boy. He's of the salt of the earth. I've congratulated him already, for Esther Thorndike is a grand good name. When I know you better I shall congratulate him again. But, Stanton, I must have a word with you."

"Don't hesitate, doctor. Miss Thorndike understands the predicament."

Stanton replied, quickly, touching his companion's arm to prevent her turning away; and for the instant he realized a thrill of pride and satisfaction in the thought that she was there and that she understood. He felt safer than when he was alone with Dr. Borden. He remembered it afterwards.

"It's only about the worldly side of this matter, Robert," the doctor said, hurriedly. "A good wife is more than a thousand fortunes. You will be amply the gainer; but I'm afraid you will have to let the fortune go. You see, we ran with the tide after the drowning man, and have drifted against the New York piers, well up the river. It will be some minutes before we get out, for we're wedged behind a long tow. It is now only 17 minutes before 12."

Stanton put his hand to his forehead and staggered back.

In the last four-and-twenty hours his mental and physical being had been tortured and dragged about in most unaccustomed ways. He had been ready to yield of himself, but to be driven to it at the last moment was too much.

Esther Thorndike called him to himself by gently touching him and asking:

"Why shouldn't we be married right here?"

CHAPTER VI.

"Marry us here, doctor," Stanton said, gathering himself together.

"It could be done," replied the clergyman, easily entering again into the worldly wisdom of the transaction. "No one is apt on this side. Not a soul need be the wiser. I have two friends aboard who will stand as witnesses. But to think of my marrying John O'Leary's nephew on a ferryboat! And look on, Robert. How about the license? This is New York, and the permit is for Brooklyn. You know the importance of the case and whether there's any law to conflict."

"It wouldn't matter, but this is for New York," Stanton replied, calmly enough, so long as he was upon a point of law, at the same time handing the clergyman his third paper.

"Good boy, Robert!" the white-haired saint exclaimed, slapping his friend on the shoulder. "Trust a lawyer for doing the thing bravely. Just take your wife back to the most quiet corner you can find, and I'll join you with my friends in no time."

Again Stanton was trembling so that he could scarcely move or speak; but there was little need, for the clergyman was well alive, now, to the worldly wisdom of the case. The witnesses were hardly introduced when he began, from memory, the marriage ceremony, holding his watch before him as though it were his book of prayer, while his lips flew with the second-hand.

The wheels started, but his lips only moved the faster, under the full sense that millions of money hung upon them, and he cut and abridged the ceremony without consideration for anything but the law. He hardly waited to catch the first faint sounds of response, much less to judge from them what of doubt or fear or uncertainty the voices might portend.

In thinking of it afterwards, Stanton often shuddered as he realized what the result must have been had the clergyman been in his own quiet home. Even if the matter could have been brought so far as the ceremony, Stanton himself would have failed there, over and again, under any circumstances but the present, with the din and excitement and demoralizing haste that obliterated every feature by the way in the struggle for the end.

The awful meaning of those words, rapidly and almost unintelligibly as they were spoken, came to him even now with overwhelming force, and struck him dumb with terror.

"Now join hands," Dr. Borden repeated, and, hardly giving them time to obey, he continued: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. I pronounce you man and wife."

Then came the repetition of the sacred names, followed by a moment of reverential silence, broken by the good doctor's cheery voice, devoid of the faintest professional accent, exclaiming:

"Gentlemen, your watches. The exact time is a matter of the gravest importance."

"Three minutes of 12,"

"Two and a half is all, I think."

"Two, gentlemen. Two. Precisely two. Rely upon my watch. It is two minutes before 12, this 6th day of December, 1892. Two minutes is enough, gentlemen. It is enough. And let me tell you that this is the second time that one and the same fortune has been rescued, as by a miracle, by the space of two minutes one side or the other, of 12 o'clock. But bless my soul, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, forgive me. My heartiest congratulations and best wishes. May you—"

Fortunately the boat struck the pier, and the good doctor had all that he could do to keep his feet. Stanton could not have listened to much more.

As they parted in the waiting-room, the clock struck 12, and for his last words Dr. Borden repeated:

"Twelve o'clock, and all is well."

From the moment when the ceremony began, Stanton had acted only mechanically. He had heard the clergyman say: "Join hands," and involuntarily extending his own, which was cold and trembling, he saw a white hand come from under the cloak to meet it. He saw a diamond flashing on one of the fingers. He even saw that the diamond was beautifully set in pearls. He felt a strange thrill as the warm, firm hand touched his own.

Then he heard those words—fearful words they seemed to him—"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

He tried to cry out to stop, to save the brave little woman by his side from such an awful bond; but before he could utter a sound the rest of the sentence was spoken, and John O'Leary's millions and the woman by his side were his forever.

He would have given all those millions, and all that he had beside, to see that little woman free. How he pined her and despised himself as they stood alone, man and wife together, in the ferry waiting-room!

"This is a case, where I can congratulate you, too," she said, "and then I must go at once. It is much later than I thought it would be."

"Go?" Stanton muttered. "Go where? Didn't you hear him? 'Whom God hath joined together?'"

"You are overwrought to-night," she replied, gently. "It will be different in the morning. You will remember, then, that it was only a plain business bargain, clearly understood and fairly carried out. A wise end has been accomplished, and I am perfectly satisfied."

"I do not want to remember that it was a bargain," Stanton exclaimed, struggling to rouse himself. "It was the meanest of self-interest in me, and simply unheard-of generosity in you. Forgive me. Come with me now and be my real wife. I am not worthy of you, but I will do my best to—"

"Why, sir, no half an hour ago you said you trusted me. If I was worthy of your confidence, surely I shall not be false to our compact, for your sake, any more than for my own. Here is the

(CONTINUED ON THREE PAGE.)

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## A FATAL ASSAULT

Frankfurter Vender Receives Injuries Which Cause Death

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Boston, July 5.—Frankfurter, a peddler, 55 years old, was assaulted on Lowell street yesterday, and Simon Corvitz, John W. O'Neil, George E. Hayden and Morris Lofelie, whose ages range from 20 to 23 years, are under arrest, upon the charge of manslaughter. During an altercation between the parties Lofelie was knocked down, receiving injuries from which he died in a short time.

## Death of Professor Fiske

Gloucester, Mass., July 5.—Professor John Fiske of Cambridge, the famous lecturer and historian, died here yesterday, at the Hawthorne Inn. Professor Fiske came to this city Wednesday afternoon, and was taken ill soon after arriving at the hotel. He was born in Hartford in 1842, the son of Edmund B. and Mary Fiske Green. His name was originally Edmund Fiske Green, but in 1855 he took the name of his maternal grandfather, John Fiske.

## New Hotel Burned

Millis, Mass., July 5.—The new Northern hotel was destroyed by fire and the occupants had an exceedingly narrow escape from death. As it was the occupants of the employees' quarters were cut off from escape by the regular passageway, and they were obliged to make an exit through the windows. Three of the employees were seriously hurt, but it is not thought any of the injuries will prove fatal. The property loss will be nearly \$30,000.

## Shot in the Head

Warren, Mass., July 5.—Mrs. Amelia Carl, a widow, 33 years old, was stopping at the house of a friend. Her dress caught upon some part of a shotgun standing near a door, and pulled it over. Her nephew, Isaac Nolan, seeing that the gun was falling over, grabbed hold of it, and the weapon was discharged, the shot entering Mrs. Carl's head, causing instant death. The medical examiner declared that it was a case of accidental shooting.

## Titled Folks Visit Mrs. Eddy

Concord, N. H., July 5.—Rev. Mary Baker Eddy yesterday received the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, Lady Victoria Murray and Lady Mildred of London. The earl and his family reached Concord at 1 o'clock and were driven to Mrs. Eddy's country residence. Mrs. Eddy received her visitors in an interview of an hour's duration.

## Rocket Fractured Her Skull

Medford, Mass., July 5.—A public display of fireworks was being witnessed by a large number of people last night, who were roped off in a field, and one of the rockets struck Mrs. E. K. Carpenter on the head, fracturing her skull. She died in a short time. There were also several minor accidents, and the celebration was stopped.

## Tents For Smallpox Patients

North Brookfield, Mass., July 5.—An old schoolhouse, which was on Wednesday fitted up by the board of health as a pest house, was burned Wednesday night. It was decided yesterday to erect a shed and several tents at the same place for the temporary use of smallpox patients. There have been no new cases reported.

## Death on the Massachusetts

Newport, R. I., July 5.—Daniel McDonald, a fireman on board the battleship Massachusetts, was found dead in the ship's brig. Alcohol poisoning was the cause of death. McDonald was placed in the brig for being drunk on board ship. Soon afterwards he became abusive, and struck the sentry.

## Saloon Keeper's Alleged Grievance

Providence, July 5.—A suit for \$20,000 for alleged slander has been brought against Mayor Granger of this city by Bernard McCulla, who charges that Mayor Granger, in refusing to grant a saloon license to him, made statements of a slanderous nature as to the character of the saloon in question.

## To Be Repaired at Bath

Boston, July 5.—The six-masted schooner George W. Wells, which received extensive damage to her port side by collision with the six-master Eleanor A. Percy, started for Bath, Me., yesterday, where she will be repaired. The work of repairing will require six or seven weeks.

## Contest of Hand Tubs

Lowell, Mass., July 5.—Good scores were the rule at the firemen's muster here yesterday. The first prize of \$250 was won by the Bullers of this city. Several of the men on the brakes of the various tubs became exhausted while playing, and were removed to a hospital.

## Vermont Boys Drowned

Bennington, Vt., July 5.—Patrick Casey, aged 16, was drowned while bathing at Bennington Falls yesterday. Alford Smith, 14, was drowned at Battledown park, while bathing. It is supposed they were both seized with cramps and were unable to reach shore.

## Legs Severed by Trolley Car

Portsmouth, N. H., July 5.—An electric car struck Irving Spinner, who was lying upon the tracks in Kittery last night, cutting off both legs. He was brought to a hospital in this city, but there is no chance of saving his life.

## A Speedy Youngster

Boston, July 5.—Louis Mettling of Forest Hills, a speedy amateur rider of the New England circuit, won all his races, except those for novices, run by the city at Jannet pond and Franklin park yesterday.

## Thirty-Six Were Drowned

Bluefield, W. Va., July 1.—The total number of dead bodies found to date as a result of the Pocahontas flood is 31. Five other persons are missing, making the total list of drowned 36.

## O'Connell Reports Victory

Washington, July 5.—President O'Connell of the International Association of Machinists says that he regards the machinists' strike as practically won.

## PEACE IS FAR AWAY

Boers and British Will Continue the Strife to a Finish

London, July 5.—In the house of commons last night an acrimonious discussion arose between the radicals and the government on the South African war, many violently denouncing the government's war policy. William Redmond contended the government that the day was independence day beyond the seas, and that British statesmen were now glad to claim kinship with and slug hosannas to great and independent America. The anniversary, he insisted, ought to be a lesson to them. War Secretary Brodrick reproached the pro-Boer radicals with prolonging the war by encouraging the Boers to a vain resistance.

Mr. Brodrick announced that the government had just received news that Commandant General Louis Botha had permission to communicate with Mr. Kruger, the result of which was a meeting at which General De Wet, General Botha and others decided to continue, and accept on terms short of independence. Mr. Brodrick added that the government's resolution was still unshaken, and that great progress had been made in the war during the last three months.

The dispatch sent by Mr. Brodrick was a proclamation issued by Messrs. Schalk-Burger and Steyn, detailing the result of General Botha's communications with Mr. Kruger, being to the effect that Mr. Kruger and the Boer delegates in Europe still had great hopes of a satisfactory issue of the war.

The dispatch was the first really definite announcement the government has made that the peace negotiations have failed. It has revived keen interest in the war.

## Tatt Becomes Civil Governor

Washington, July 2.—The president yesterday signed the commission of



GOVERNOR WILLIAM H. TATT.  
William H. Tatt of Ohio to be civil governor of the Philippine Islands.

## Sewer Flushed With Liquor

Portland, Me., July 2.—The \$6000 stock of intoxicants in the liquor room at the county building here was considerably reduced yesterday. The libels on numerous bottles and packages having expired, two special deputies were set at work "spilling," and nearly all day a stream of liquor flowed to the sewer trap. The alcohol will be extracted from the hard liquor and sold, and the proceeds will be paid to the county treasurer.

## A \$200,000 Fire at Boston

Boston, July 2.—By a fire which was the most spectacular that has been seen in Boston for years, pier 5 of the Hoosac Tunnel docks was almost totally destroyed yesterday, causing a loss of \$200,000. Steamers Sachem and Commonwealth, which were at the docks, were saved, and the good work of the firemen kept the fire confined to the one pier, saving the great grain elevator. The cause of the fire is not known.

## Derreck Fell Upon Workmen

Quincy, Mass., July 2.—In the Hartwick quarry here yesterday a guy rope gave way, and let the derreck down, striking three workmen. Herman Nordquill received injuries from which he died. A negro named Johnson was seriously hurt and taken to the Quincy hospital. Another employee was slightly hurt.

## Held in Light Ball

Saco, Me., July 2.—In the municipal court yesterday probable cause was found against Horace B. Kimball, who was arraigned on the charge of assaulting Mrs. Abbie J. Newcomb, an elderly woman of Kennebunk, and he was bound over in \$200 for his appearance before the grand jury. He obtained bail.

## Itels' Bail Increased

Quincy, Mass., July 2.—The case of George J. Itels, charged with embezzling \$1800 from the town of Weymouth, which was to have been heard in the district court here yesterday, was continued until July 12. Bail was increased from \$5000 to \$6000, in default of which Itels was sent to the Dedham jail.

## Long Journey For Tug

Washington, July 3.—The naval tug Fortune, now at Boston, has been ordered by the navy department to make the trip around South America to Puget sound, where naval tugs are much in demand. The trip will be about 14,000 miles, and will be one of the longest on record for a craft of this character.

## Located by Boston Officers

Boston, July 1.—Doug Sue, who is wanted by the New York police, in connection with the murder of Al Lee in New York on Sept. 21, 1900, was arrested by Boston officers yesterday in a laundry in the East Boston district. Doug Sue is held for the New York officers.

## Salem People Burned Out

Salem, Mass., July 3.—Fire broke out in the Hurley block yesterday afternoon and it was destroyed. The building embraced several small tenements. It is thought that the fire was caused by children playing with matches. The loss on the building will be about \$12,000.

## Man Killed and Carriages Wrecked

Milford, N. H., July 3.—John Bradley of Quincy, Mass., was struck and killed by a train at Richardson's crossing yesterday, and the carriage he occupied was demolished, as were also two others he had in tow, while the span of horses he was driving were somewhat injured.

## Auction Sale of MIDDLETOWN REAL ESTATE.

BY DIRECTION OF WILLIAM R. HUNTER, ESQ.,

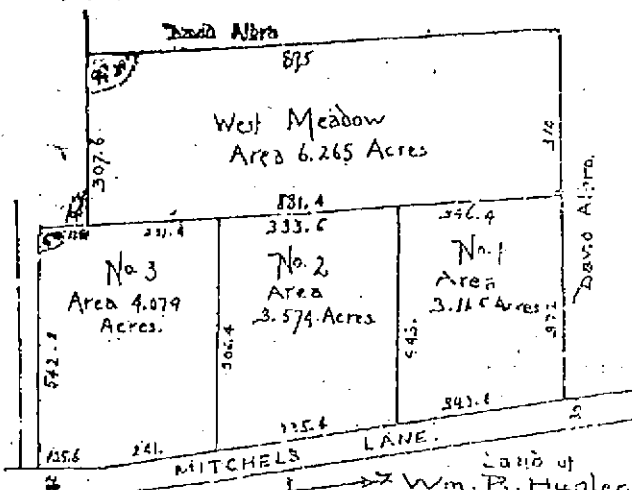
I shall sell at public auction, on

TUESDAY, July 9th, 1901, at 12 o'clock, noon,

IN FOUR PARCELS,

THE FARM ON MITCHELL'S LANE, IN SAID MIDDLETOWN,

property of Mr. Hunter, as shown upon the following diagram:



The sale of parcel number 3 will be made first; then parcel number 2; then parcel number 1, and afterwards the parcel described as "West Meadow." The sale of each being made on the premises.

The conditions of sale will require the payment of ten percent of the purchase money at the time of sale (after the close thereof) and the remainder upon the delivery of a deed of conveyance with the usual covenants of warranty which will be made on October 15th, 1901, at which time also possession of the premises will be given. Other conditions will be named at the time of sale.

JAMES ANTHONY,

Auctioneer.

## NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Rev. Joseph W. Backus, one of the best-known Congregational ministers in the country, died at his home at Farmington, Conn., aged 78.

A combination of small boys and fireworks was responsible for the ruining of a fine three-tenement house at Portland, Me. The total loss is about \$5000.

A four-tenement house at Spencer, Mass., together with the household belongings of three tenants, was burned, for which a firecracker was responsible. The total loss is \$1000.

The old icehouse and barn, belonging to the Walker ice company at Worcester, were burned. The loss will be between \$30,000 and \$40,000.

An association, known as the "Veteran Endowees of Williston," has been formed at the Williston church at Portland, Me. The birthplace of the Christian Endeavor movement.

In attempting to hurry her kitchen fire with kerosene, Mrs. Antonia Kopka of Cambridge, Mass., was fatally burned. John P. Roberts was ordained a minister of the Free Baptist denomination at Somersworth, by the ordaining council of New Hampshire.

Joseph Clark, 20, employed as cook on the steamer Rhodé Island, was drowned at Providence.

Thomas Marsh, 19, was seized with cramps while bathing at Pawtucket, R. I., and was drowned.

Melvin Baldwin, 4 years old, was taken ill with the smallpox at Leominster, Mass. This is the 12th case in that town. No deaths have occurred.

Charles Ballou, aged 38, of Boston, expired suddenly of apoplexy at Providence. Ballou was treasurer of the Fraternal Order of Eagles of Boston.

The cornerstone of the new St. Patrick's Catholic church at Watertown, Mass., was laid by Archbishop Williams. Probably 1000 people witnessed the ceremony.

Warren Weston of Boston committed suicide while demented by jumping overboard from the Portland steamer on her trip to that city. Weston was 55 years old.

The large planing mill plant of H. P. Ross at Newtonville Mass., was practically destroyed by fire. The loss will be \$10,000, possibly more.

George W. Armstrong of Boston, president of the Armstrong Transfer company, and proprietor of the news and periodical stands along two railroad systems, died at Centre Harbor, N. H., from shock, resulting from a surgical operation. He was 64 years old.

Miss Rebecca Ramsdell died at Haverhill, N. H., aged 102 years and 4 months. She was born in South Acton, Mass., March 2, 1799. For 83 years she had lived in the house in which she died.

Ex-Captain Hawley Pelton, for 30 years a member of the Boston police force, died at Bradford, Mass. He was one of the best known men in police circles in New England, and throughout the country. He was born in 1824.

In a severe thunder storm at Northampton, Mass., the Northampton and Amherst Street railway was disabled on account of the dynamo being burned out by lightning. It will take several days to repair the damage.

Another case of smallpox has been discovered. The victim is Mrs. Luigi Lastra. Her husband was taken with the disease several days ago.

Samuel L. Parsons of Northampton, Mass., is dead, at the age of 78. He was one of the most extensive farmers in western Massachusetts, and held many town offices. He served in the legislature from 1859 to 1890.

## Car and Wagon in Collision

Quincy, Mass., July 3.—An electric car collided with a four-horse wagon driven by Charles Stokk here yesterday, and Stokk was quite badly injured. Four women passengers on the car had to be carried to their homes.

## Young Man Charged With Forgery

Newton, Mass., July 3.—Myron A. Nichols, 21 years old, was locked up last night on a warrant charging him with forgery of a check for \$133.27, drawn on the Beacon Trust company of Boston.

## Industrial Trust Co.,

Capital - \$1,200,000.00  
Surplus and Profits 671,112.39

Office, 303 Thames Street.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS, SUBJECT TO CHECK.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Moneys received on this account, which combines the advantages of Savings Banks, with Additional Security of the Capital Stock of this company, draws interest from August 1st, 1901.

EXEMPTION FROM LIABILITY.

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Just as Charon was about to make the ferry ship the ex-distiller nudged him in the ribs.

"If it isn't too much trouble," said the latter, "I wish you would put me with the arrivals from Boston."

"But you are from St. Louis," protested Charon. "Wouldn't you feel out of place among so much culture?"

"No, indeed. I always feel at home in the midst of refined spirits."

Thereupon the ancient ferryman tossed the ex-distiller in the Styx.—Chicago News.

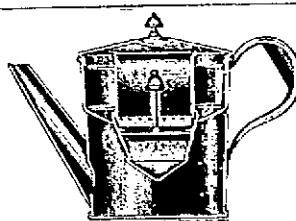
"William, I wish you would go and weed the flower bed."

William went and inspected it.

Then he returned.

"It would be a simpler job, Maria," he said, "to flower out the weed bed."

—Chicago Tribune.



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## Dog Saves Baby Kittens.

Gyp the Brooklyn terrier which achieved notoriety two years ago by saving his master's family from death by asphyxiation through an escape of gas by a timely warning, has recently given such proof of a kind heart as to deserve further mention, his friends think.

Henry Thomas, a well-known resident of Flatbush, is Gyp's owner and is willing to vouch for the truth of the following story: Not long ago the house cat presented the family with a litter of six kittens. As it was inconvenient to have all of that number grow up in the back kitchen, it was decided to pick out the prettiest one and to drown all the rest. To reach this decision and to select the fortunate kitten a family council was held, at which Gyp was present. Though he took no part in the discussion, he understood enough of what was going on to feel that some danger threatened his friend the cat and the kittens were to be the victims of some horrible plot.

That same afternoon, taking advantage of the cat's temporary absence from home, Mr. Thomas, armed with a pail of water approached the box to carry out the judgment of the council. To his surprise he found the kittens gone.

No one about the house knew where they were. Mr. Thomas took the trouble to make sure of that. The cat just then returned and stepped half way into the box before she noticed something wrong. The poor cat showed soon enough that she at any rate had had no hand in their disappearance. Where could the kittens be? Who could have taken the trouble to remove them? No stranger had been in the house all afternoon, and everyone in the family denied having anything to do with them.

It was not until two days later that this mystery was cleared up. Gyp and the cat, although quite friendly, were not very chummy, and so when she was seen going into Gyp's kennel in the out-house investigation followed, and the six kittens were discovered comfortably installed in Gyp's own quarters. Mr. Thomas is sure they were carried there by Gyp himself to save them from some danger his subtle senses told him threatened his friend's young ones.

One of the oldest servants in the employ of the United States government is an aged negro, Sophia Holmes, who serves as janitress in the treasury building. The story of her life is quite romantic. Her husband, a slave, accompanied his master to the war as a body servant, and when the master was killed the negro seized his rifle, mounted his horse, and led the column on to victory. The black man's body was riddled with bullets, and he died within two months, leaving Sophia with two children to support. Prominent men in Washington secured work for her among the women who were called "Uncle Sam's scrub brigade," she being assigned to the treasury building. One night, when sweeping, she found a box packed with banknotes that had been overlooked in looking up the vaults at the end of the day's work. She trembled with excitement, knowing that the contents of the box must be exceedingly valuable, and did not dare go home to her children. Evening came on, midnight passed, and at two o'clock in the morning the old woman was startled by hearing General Spindler going to his office. He had a dream that something was wrong at the treasury, and was so restless that he rose and went down to the building. Sophia followed him, told her story, and was kept a prisoner until the money was counted. The box contained \$150,000. Then she went home in General Spindler's carriage, and was afterward rewarded with a position for life. When asked if she was not tempted to take some of the notes she said proudly: "I'd rather leave my children the legacy of a white soul than all the gold and bank notes the treasury ever held."—*Congregationalist*.

"Mr. Spudlong," began the youth, hanging his hat on the back of the chair, "I will occupy only a few moments of your time. I have come to ask you for your daughter. I—"

"Young man," said the elderly banker, "do you—"

"Yes, sir, I realize fully that she has been tenderly nurtured, and that she is very dear to you; also that her home is one in which she has been surrounded by every luxury. But she is willing to leave it." "Can you—"

"No, sir, I can't quite maintain her in the style to which she has been accustomed, but I have a good salary, and I'm ready to chance it. So is she."

"Will you—"

"Yes, sir, I will keep my life insured for a sum sufficient to provide for her if I should be taken away."

"Would you—"

"No, sir, I would not expect to live with the family. I am able to buy and furnish a modest home for her." "Young man," said Mr. Spudlong, looking at his watch, "I rather like your style. You can have her. Good—"

"Morning, sir."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie is comparatively little known in New York outside of her circle of personal friends. Her tastes are simple, and do not incline to the brilliant social life which would be easy for her to lead. Those who know her say that she is a most agreeable hostess, frank, affable, and cordially hospitable to her welcome to the beautiful homes of which she is mistress. She shrinks, however, from publicity, and is glad to slip behind the protection of her husband's prominent and strong personality. She is in sympathy with Mr. Carnegie's munificent schemes for public benefactions.—*Harpers's Bazar*.

Once a widow of James J. Hill's old friends applied to the railroad president for a small loan for the purpose of starting a boarding house. "Sorry, Mrs. Blank, but can't let you have it," he said; "but you'd better get your boarding house started." "Why, Mr. Hill, how can I? I have no money." "Don't need money." "Why, surely, I must pay for the furniture." "No, you mustn't get a good house, get a bill for six months' rent, furnish the house, send bills to me, I'll pay 'em—sorry can't let you have any money." (Good morning, Mrs. Blank.)

"If there ever was a terrible child in this world," remarked the worried mother, "he's one."

"What's his particular fault?"

"Do what I will, I can't break him of telling the truth right out when we have company."—*Philadelphia Times*.

She. I understand why cigarettes are so popular.

He. Well, why is that?

She. Oh, men who smoke them think they look boyish; and boys who smoke them think they look like men.

What man is there whom contact with a great soul will not exalt?—*From the Hindu*.

## Firing the First Salute.

The little Ranger ran slowly between the frowning French frigates, looking as warlike as they; her men swarmed like bees into the rigging, and her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian majesty of France, and she fired one by one her salute of thirteen guns, says Sarah Orne Jewett, in the Atlantic.

There was a moment of suspense, the wind was very light now; the powder smoke drifted away and the flapping sails sounded faint overhead. Would the admiral answer back, or would he treat this bold challenge like a hunk-kerbchief waved at him from a pleasure boat? Some of the officers on the Ranger looked incredulous, but Paul Jones still held the letter in his hand. There was a puff of white smoke and the great guns of the French flagship began to shake the air—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine; and then were still, save for their echoes from the low hills about Carme and the great droid Mount of St. Michael.

"Henry Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the King of France to our republic, and the first high honor to our flag," said the captain proudly to his steersman; but they were all huzzling now along the Ranger's decks, that little ship whose name shall never be forgotten while her country lives.

"The captain lifted his hat and stood looking at the flag."

"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly to his officers who came about him. "I believe we are at the christening of the greatest nation that was ever born into the world. The day shall come when America, republic though she may be, will salute no foreign flag without receiving gun for gun."

## A Gift.

Tom. What? Sixty dollars for a sack suit? That's too much for you to pay.

Dick. That's what I told my tailor, but he said: "Perhaps it is, but you ought to have it."

Tom. But how do you expect to pay for it?

Dick. I don't. I propose to take the tailor at his word.

## Ineligible.

"So Spudlong's going to join your fishing club?"

"No. He heard that a man had to be a pretty good fisher as well as a fisherman to join."

"Well?"

"Spudlong can't fish."

## By Way of Contrast.

"What's your idea in going to Europe in company with that soapmaker?"

asked one of his intimate friends.

"I am taking him along," replied the wealthy manufacturer of soapblackening, "as a foil."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## Becoming Rather Awkward.

"But why did you break the engagement?" asked the sweet young thing.

"Oh, I had to," replied the heroine of several heart campaigns. "Why, the foolish boy was beginning to talk seriously of marriage."—*Chicago Post*.

## Not his Fault.

Old Gentleman. So you wish to marry Elizabeth. But you are in debt.

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get in debt?"

"I fell in love with your daughter."—*Life*.

## A Point to Consider.

"I like a man who does not keep one eye on the time all the while he is working," said the employer.

"What if he is a watchmaker?" ventured the employee.—*Baltimore American*.

## The Way of Business.

Bookkeeper. This figure is so indistinct that I don't know whether to make out this man's bill for \$5 or \$5. The boss. Make it out for \$5, then. —*Somerville Journal*.

## Decidedly Original.

"Miss Plunge calls her new hat 'an original creation.'"

"It is. There is certainly nothing else in creation like it."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

## His Complacent Judgment.

"I noticed during your duel, that there were some in the audience applauding and some hissing."

"Yes; they were applauding me and hissing the other fellow."

A country minister in a certain town took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say goodbye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and by their fruits you shall know them." Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls! Good-by."—*New Berlin Gazette*.

Mrs. Strongminded. Why don't you go to work?

Tramp. Please mum, I made a solemn vow, 20 years ago, that I'd never do another stroke of work till women was paid the same wages as men.—*New York Weekly*.

"This story of yours," said the editor, "I would call 'A Poor Relation.'"

"Just," said the author, "there is no such character in it."

"No; but that's the character of the story itself."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Mazlo has a graceful carriage, hasn't she?"

"Yes; but better still, her beau has a splendid automobile."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

Elderly Lady. Was that your sister I saw you with yesterday, Johnny?

Johnny (aged 6). Do I look like a fellow who'd waste his time on sisters?

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—*Emerson*.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.—*Ruskin*.

## The Battle Continues.

"When is the ship of state a cattle ship?" casually asked the exchange editor.

"When Texas steers," the information editor replied. "Why is an Egyptian long for a frigate on the Nile?"

"Life a boy that has outgrown his trousers." On account of his high water pants. Baffled. Why is a last will and testament?

"Like collecting the hair of a straw-hat maker? Well, after you die. Don't do anything like that again. How can you tell a shepherd dog?"

"It is the difference between the difference between a lobster salad."

"I don't know. You'll have to tip the waiter to find out. What's the difference between a Greenland ice-berg and—"

"One's big paste and the other's pig-faced. Why are the sea waves?"

"Said? Nothing to wear but serge. What's the difference between a real estate agent?"

"Lats. Why is a muckintush?"

"If it isn't. There's a difference. One's your rain coat and the other's your own knee. Why is a mob?"

"All that. Let it go at that. How would you gain the friendship?"

"Of a farmer's daughter? Cultivate. Why is a yarn sock?"

"Sut! It isn't. Why is a dairy farm?"

"Cheese it! Why is Satan?"

"On a whip him round the stump! Whereupon several of the other editors offered to arbitrate the difficulty, and peace was finally restored.—*Chicago Tribune*.

## No Help for It.

Tom. I always hate to pass an ice-cream saloon when I'm walking with my girl.

Dick. I've never happened to pass one.

Tom. Get out! How do you manage it?

Dick. I don't manage it; she does. She always insists upon going in.—*Philadelphia Press*.

## Casus Belli.

"How did the fight begin?"

"It was quickly smothered in a cigar when he came along and asked me if there wasn't a new against burning garbage in the city limits."—*Philadelphia Times*.

## Entirely New System.

"I have an original idea!" exclaimed the detective.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to quit collecting clues and take a look for the criminal."—*Washington Star*.

## Something That Isn't.

"Paw, what is a parasite?"

"It is a small object my son, that fastens itself on some larger body and sticks there."

"Then a 2-cent stamp isn't a parasite, is it, paw?"

"Has it come to this, that even the children jeer at the quality of Uncle Sam's mailage?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Woman's Home Companion says: There used to be a silly notion that a woman who spent much time or money on her clothes was frivolous, while a man was supposed to be quite beyond the necessity of doing more than cover his nakedness. We are learning better, and, despite the fact that you can point to a hundred and one poets and philosophers who have done good work in old clothes, it is true that the average person will do better work if he is well, and to a degree fashionably dressed. And to return to my first proposition. The ill woman will help herself mightily if she remembers how big a part dress plays in determining her physical and mental condition. If you have a headache and are suffering from nerves, even if you have a more real pain, such as neuralgia or the toothache, and are able to be about at all, don't go around the house in your oldest wrapper, with your hair down. Rather put on a bright frock and brush your hair, as if you were expecting company, and this bright outside, combined with a determination to keep up, will be a big help toward recovery.

There is in this city an indulgent father who encourages his little boy to strive for good marks at school by offering and paying rewards of various kinds for his attainments. Recently the young hopeful put in a petition for a new patent top which had caught his fancy. "All right," replied his father, "you can have it if you stand third in your arithmetic class. Being a sensible man he didn't want the boy to 'crum' and would be satisfied with a good average. For about a week the youngster came home with glowing face. He went to a private school, by the way. "In third, pop," he eagerly announced. "Do I get the top?" "Pop!" looked at his report and thought the mark a little low, but the boy explained the lessons were very hard and he had to struggle to get his coveted place, so the father brought home the coveted toy. That night as the youngster was playing with the new toy a sudden thought struck his father. "How many are there in your arithmetic class?" "Four," was the cheerful reply.—*Mail and Express*.

Not only her extravagance but her generosity have made the great actress far from a rich woman, despite the great sums she earns. "Money was made to spend," says Mme. Sarah, and she proceeds to scatter it right and left. No genuine appeal for pecuniary assistance, especially if the applicant be connected with the theatrical profession, is ignored by her. Mme. Bernhardt, however, spends a great deal of money in gratifying the eccentric whims about which so many stories have been told at one time or another. In her style of living, too, expense is largely ignored. To spend \$150 a day in a hotel is no uncommon thing with Mme. Sarah, and as for gowns—they are things of extravagant beauty, as every one knows. Large offers have been made to Bernhardt for her autobiography, but so far she has refused them all. If she ever changes her mind the result would probably be one of the most interesting books of the day.

"I notice that nearly all the comedians are playing Hamlet now."

"Yes, and you can't deny that some of them are a good deal funnier than they were before."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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## Women's Dep't.

## A Discouraged Man.

"It's the last time I'm going to try. Luck is against me, and I'll just give up! There is no use in trying to do anything when the odds are against you."

It was John Harris who was doing the talking. His wife was sewing buttons on to the children's clothes after they had gone to bed. As she held the buttons in her mouth, to prevent their rolling off, she had no opportunity to answer her husband, even if she had the inclination.

Mr. Harris resumed: "I'm clean discouraged, that's what I am! Of course, I don't think of myself."—Mrs. Harris's lip curled a little, and one button slipped and rolled under the table.—"It's you and the children I'm worried about"—another button rolled away—"and if it wasn't for leaving you alone, Mary, I'd—"

He did not finish what he was saying, as just then Mrs. Harris coughed, and all the buttons flew out of her mouth.

"Is it such a bad failure?" she asked, presently. She was darning the children's stockings, having saved on all the fugitive buttons.

"It couldn't be worse. When a man's partner takes all the money out of the business and skips to a foreign country, everybody bounds him to death as if he had been dishonest. All the creditors are clamoring for their money, not because they need it, but because I haven't got it. It's no use, Mary; I'm a ruined man, and I'm going to find a way out of it all."

"How?" asked Mrs. Harris, calmly, although the long, slender needle she was using trembled and vibrated in her hand.

"There are more ways than one," he answered, significantly. "I shall not live to see you want, or to be a burden on you and the children. There is no dishonor attached to my name now. We have lived within our means; and I tried honestly to succeed. It was rash, I suppose, to embark all in one venture and lose it."

"You have not lost all," suggested his wife; you have health, wife, and children, and an unblemished character."

"Poor capital these," returned her husband, gloomily. "No, I'm going to give up. I tell you, Mary, I'm a discouraged man! You don't know what it is to endure business worries; women are sheltered and protected from all those annoyances."

"Are they?" answered Mrs. Harris, with dry lips. She had done the work of three women that day. She had been cook, and nurse, and seamstress. She had cut and contrived, counted pennies, and was engaged to give music lessons to the doctor's daughter to offset their last year's bill. Her whole frame quivered with the pain of farrowed tangled nerves. But it had never entered into her mind that she dared to complain. "Do the Next Thing," was the motto she had framed and hung up where she could see it many times a day.

"As I say," continued her husband, after a time of gloomy thought, "there's a way out of it, and many a man has been driven to it. I won't live and be persecuted by a mob of circumstances. If I was out of the way, you and the children would have enough to live on comfortably the rest of your lives. It's only anticipating our final fate by a few months or years."

Mrs. Harris folded the last pair of stockings and laid them neatly away. A little smile hovered about her lips.

"John," she said, in a firm voice, "I have a last favor to ask of you."

"What is it, Mary?"

"Don't die in the house!"

Before the astonished man could speak, she continued:

"Because it would be so unpleasant for the children and me. It is our home. I have the deed of it in my possession, sent to me by my father yesterday. And I should hate to have any unpleasant associations connected with it. I should very much dislike to have you buried in the four corners near here, with a stake driven through your throat, people would soon forget that we ever belonged to you. For I would not own to being the widow of a coward, or let my children hear his name. And even if you were not held responsible, I should be ashamed to think you had written your own epitaph. Here lies a discouraged man."

John Harris was dumb with surprise.

"I know," continued his wife, "that it is a favorite thing for men to say that they will get out of it all, and that women do not realize how desperate the situation is, and a lot more rubbish they ought to be ashamed of."

John tried to speak, but his wife had the floor.

"It is only a coward who would take refuge in death, and leave his wife and children to fight the battle of life alone. And right here, John, I want that subject to end forever. It is hard enough to live with a man who is chronically discouraged, but when he hints at getting out of it, I object."

John Harris never again made any vague and improbable threats, but took the dilemma of business by both horns and practically mastered it. Nor has his wife ever heard him declare since that evening that he is "a discouraged man."—*Detroit Free Press*.

## Our Young Women.

Nellie Brown, granddaughter of John Brown, the Kansas abolitionist, is a Salvation Army lass at Astoria, Ore. Her father, Solomon Brown, one of the famous border fighter's four sons, went to California after the Civil War and subsequently located in Oregon. Lieutenant Nellie Brown, who is described as petite, blue-eyed and rather pretty, has been a year in the Salvation Army, to enter which she gave up a promising musical career.

A statue of Charles Sumner has lately been finished by Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston. It is a sitting figure, and presents Sumner as he was in the early years of his senatorship. He is the youthful senator and philanthropist, and holds in one hand the manuscript of some address he is to deliver. The statue is heroic in size.

Miss Suzanne Watkins, of New York City, is one among the few Americans honored by the old Salon exhibition in Paris this season. Miss Watkins, who has spent the past five years studying art in Paris, is awarded a third-class medal. With the exception of Mrs. McMonnies, who gets an honorable mention, Miss Watkins is the only American woman distinguished by the Salon.

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## Max Adler's New Stories.

Twenty-five years ago, when "Elbow Room" and "Out of the Humly-Barly" were the successes of the day, Max Adler suddenly ceased writing. For a quarter of a century he was proof against the blandishments of editors, but within a few weeks he has completed a new series of humorous stories which show him at his best.

Tales of Old Turkey, which will appear in early numbers of The Saturday Evening Post, are wonderfully droll stories of the quaint characters in an old-fashioned country town before the war.

Local politics, school committee fights, church squabbles and women's clubs lend themselves admirably to Max Adler's humorous touch, and form the basis of some of the cleverest stories that have been written for many a day.

"I've heard a good many snake stories since I've been up in these parts," said Colonel S. Houston Tutt of Chickamauga, Texas, "and I've seen a lot printed, but never a one have I struck that equaled in simple and touching beauty the thing that happened to my mother Jim down on our farm in Texas. This is the way it happened: You see, Jim was about the kindest chap that ever lived. One day he was going along out on the farm when he seen a six-foot rattlesnake pined down on the ground by a big bowlder that had fallen on its tail. Now of course ninety-nine men out of one hundred would have got a club or a handful of rocks and killed the poor critter right there. But that wasn't Jim. No, sir, Jim let out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes and then told that bowlder off'n that snake's tail just as gently as he knew how. Well, sir, that settled it. Talk of gratitude! You ought to see the gratitude of that rattler. He couldn't make enough of Jim. Followed him from one end of the farm to the other just like a dog. Used to coil up under Jim's chair at meals and eat out of his hand. Every night when Jim went to bed the snake crawled up on the foot of the bed and slept there till morning. You bet there wasn't anybody going to disturb Jim. One night Jim woke up feeling kind of queer. He reached down at the foot of the bed. No snake. Up he hopped and struck a match. No snake. Not on the bed, nowhere in the room. Well, sir, that minute Jim knew something was wrong. He slipped into his trousers, took his gun and went downstairs. What do you suppose he saw when he got down in the dining-room? Window wide open. Snake coiled around a bangle on the floor, and his tail out of the window rattling for the police."—*New York Sun*.

Fish. Are you a snorer for Miss Brown's hand? Spat. Yes; but I didn't. "Didn't what?" "Sut her."—*The Bits*.

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## Historical and Genealogical.

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In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible, consistent with clarity. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, care Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

## NOTES.

## THE COOKES OF RHODE ISLAND DESCENDANTS OF WALTER COOKE OF WEYMOUTH, MASS.

1648-1870.

BY H. RUTH COOKE.  
(Omitted from N.Y.)

Captain Peter Cooke (92) died aged 95 years; married, according to the living great grandchildren, at nineteen years of age, as did his brother Ezekiel, thus, both in 1720, he married in 1780; married at Smithfield, R. I., first to Elizabeth Bates, sister of Joanna Bates, wife of Elijah Cooke, cousin to said Peter.

Peter married second, Mary Wanton, about November, 1745, perhaps daughter or granddaughter of John Wanton, as she named her son John Wanton Cooke, which name continues down several generations in the family.

This Wanton family was noted for its many governors of Rhode Island, as Gov. William Wanton, born Sept. 15, 1670, was governor 1732-1733; and his brother, John Wanton, born Dec. 21, 1672, was governor 1745 to 1748; and Gov. Gideon Wanton, son of Joseph, brother of William and John, was governor 1747-1748; and his cousin Gov. Joseph Wanton, son of Gov. William, who married Mary Whitthrop, was governor from 1749 to 1773.

Philip Wanton, brother of Gov. John Wanton, married Hannah Rodman, dau. of Thomas and Hannah (Clarke) Rodman, and granddaughter of Walter Clarke and second wife Hannah (Scott).

This Rodman name was given to son of Capt. Isaac Cooke, grandson of Peter Cooke, as Isaac named his third son William Rodman Cooke, Rodmans, Wantons and Cookes thus connected by marriage, all Quakers.

June, 1769, Peter Cooke was Captain of First Company of Seafarers, of Providence County Regiment, with Simon Herendeen, lieutenant, and Constant Weaver, ensign.

June, 1770, Peter Cooke, capt. of Providence Co. Troop of Horse of Second Seafarers Co., with Simon Herendeen, lieutenant, and David Cole, ensign. (See Civil and Military List of R. I. by Joseph Jencks Smith.)

Peter Cooke received 700 acres of land in Foster, R. I., named in compliment to the Hon. Theo. Foster, formerly a Senator of the United States, first settled in 1717, some of the family say for his military services; but Peter Cooke lived at Seafarers, R. I., until after 1768, learned from the following, found on page 516, vol. VI Rhode Island Colonial Records.

"June, 1768, whereas, a considerable number of the inhabitants of the County of Providence and Kent preferred a petition, and represented with this Assembly that the great North Road leading from Providence through Plainfield, into the interior part of the Colony hath a great and tenacious intercourse and dealing is very rough and out of repair, whereby travellers are much fatigued and discouraged, and the transportation of heavy goods from thence into the colony by land is extremely difficult, to the detriment of trade. The legal methods for mending highways will prove insufficient for putting in good order the said road, it lying through a rugged country, and the inhabitants being poor and scattered and that if a lottery be granted for the repairs of the same, they have the strongest assurance from Connecticut that the inhabitants of the colony will not only take off a great number of tickets, but use their influence to have the roads of their side well mended and repaired to the colony line.

"Therefore, they pray the Assembly to grant a Lottery for raising a sum not to exceed £200, lawful money, to be applied to mending the same road.

"That Caleb Greene, Esq. of Coventry, Capt. Andrew Angell, and Mr. Peter Cooke of Seafarers, R. I., and Col. Thomas Angell and Mr. Joseph Fish of Johnston, R. I., be appointed managers and directors of said lottery, and be empowered to continue the scheme and see that the money so raised be duly appropriated for said end, and that they be subject to account, which was granted. God Save the King."

Children of Capt. Peter Cooke and Elizabeth (Bates) were: 16. William Cooke, b. Smithfield, R. I., June 11, 1741, and according to his granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Cooke Atwater, and Judith Brown, dau. of James Brown and Amy (Greene). Only one child, Thomas, of this family found.

104. Nathaniel Cooke, came to Providence, R. I., from Foster, once a week, with his farm products, and took dinner with his brother William.

105. Joshua Cooke, b. June 17, 1744; nothing more known of him.

106. Stephen Cooke b. July 12, 1746, and J. Scott, had Peter b. 1778, who d. 1836, and also had Abigail Cooke.

Children of Capt. Peter Cooke and Mary (Wanton) were born at Seafarers, R. I.

107. Charles Cooke b. Sept. 21, 1747; d. Jan. 14, 1817; m. Ann Greene, b. at Coventry, R. I., Mar. 10, 1744, dau. of Caleb Greene and Ann (Rodman), daughter of Thomas Rodman and Catherine Fry.

108. Rhoda Cooke, b. Sept. 17, 1749.

109. Elizabeth Cooke, b. July 25, 1751.

200. Christopher Cooke, b. April 1, 1753; m. (1) Rebecca Hill, m. (2) Sarah Fry, to whom he was published Dec. 1, 1785, and married Dec. 15, 1789.

201. Susanna Cooke, b. Nov. 14, 1751, m. Thomas Hill.

"To Mr. Constant Cooke who died Nov. 6, 1820, aged 69 years."

"To Sarah, wife of Mr. Constant Cooke, who died Oct. 7, 1837, aged 77 years."

204. John Wanton Cooke, a Quaker, b. Thursday, Feb. 25, 1762; d. Nov. 20, 1828, on Wednesday; m. Phebe Cooke, and probably second Lois Seamen.

205. Joann Cooke, b. May 20, 1760.

206. Hope Cooke, b. March 12, 1761; m. as his second wife, William Howard, of Foster, R. I., and went to north part of state of New York, and was never heard from afterward by the family.

207. Mercy Cooke, b. Mar. 16, 1769.

208. Peter Cooke, b. Mar. 16, 1768; served in the Revolution and received a pension.

209. Nicholas Cooke, b. July 31, 1770, probably in Foster, R. I.

210. Abigail Cooke, b. June 18, 1770, probably in Foster, R. I.

211. Moses Cooke and 212. Aaron Cooke, twins, b. Mar. 31, 1775, probably in Foster, R. I.

213. Child Cooke, b. —

214. Child Cooke, b. —

Charlotte Cooke, given in Angell Genealogy as daughter of Capt. Peter, was his granddaughter, as she was daughter of his son Constant Cooke.

Seafarers, Rhode Island records, p. 207.

"These are to certify that Fleet Brown and Mr. Mary Elizabeth Cooke, (dau. of Peter & Mercy) both of Seafarers in the county of Providence were lawfully married in said Seafarers on the 19th day of April, 1767 by me Jeremiah Angell, Justice of Peace.

Recorded June 5, 1768, Gideon Harris, Town Clerk.

P. 255. Fleet Brown (son of Thomas) was lawfully married on the 6th day of April 1768, to Mercy Hopkins.

P. 251. Seafarers Records, Deed Book 111: 1800 pounds paid by Peter Cooke, Husbandman, for 3514 acres, March 30, 1747, of which Thomas Barnes purchased of Stephen Remington.

P. 253. Peter Cooke decided to Richard Steere of Gloucester for 550 pounds one half part of 3514 acres of land, lying in town of Seafarers that did lately belong to Capt. Stephen Remington.

Deed Book IV, page 66: Peter Cooke, late of Seafarers, of 1500 pounds paid by Capt. John Lister, decided one half part of 3514 acres, July 25, 1748.

Deed Book V, p. 558: Job Hawkins of Johnston, R. I., sold to Peter Cooke of Seafarers, landholder for 1491 pounds, "Two small houses and pieces of land in Seafarers, westerly upon the farm that the Grantee now lives upon, and is the same land that I bought of Eliza and John Hopkins."

P. 604. William Palmer sold to Peter Cooke, landholder, for 600 Spanish Milled Dollars, 183 acres, beginning at the Northeast corner of Daniel Fenner's farm on which the aforesaid Peter now lives, July 9, 1768.

Book VI, p. 149. Thomas Brown sold to Peter Cooke for 12 pounds, 7 shillings, 6 pence, two pieces of land, Aug. 20, 1769.

P. 150. Peter Cooke, yeoman, sold to Charles Cooke of Seafarers, R. I., blacksmith, for 45 pounds, a piece of land in Seafarers, lying 12 acres, with a dwelling house, Sept. 4, 1769.

P. 240. Charles Cooke sold to Cyrel Carpenter for 30 pounds two pieces of land Dec. 5, 1772.

P. 778. Peter Cooke of Seafarers, R. I., for 25 pounds sold to Silas Burlingame one piece of land of about 20 acres, Oct. 5, 1774.

Signed Peter Cooke, Mary Cooke.

P. 410. Christopher Cooke and Thomas Hill Jr., of Seafarers, yeomen, sold to Jacob Phillips for 180 pounds one farm of 41 acres and 71 rods of land in Westquonoy Sept. 19, 1778.

Signed Christopher and Rebecca Cooke, Thomas and Susanna Hill.

Book VII, p. 170. Peter Cooke of Seafarers, yeoman, for 45 pounds sold to Christopher Cooke of Seafarers, Housewright certain lot of land of 12 acres, Sept. 7, 1779.

Signed, Peter Cooke, Mary Cooke.

Witnesses: Fleet Brown, Constant Cooke.

(To be continued.)

REYNOLDS.—In May last I wrote you that many of the Reynolds family in Rhode Island and other states entertain the erroneous opinion that William Reynolds (who with Roger Williams and others located in Providence in 1639) was their progenitor. I was justified in that, knowing that for many years, and in many places (including Boston) by the usual channels such information has been repeatedly called for. Judge then my surprise to receive for a search instituted in Salem the following, copied from the American Dictionary of Ancestry: "James of Kingstown, who married Deborah and died in Kingstown, 1700, was the son of William of Providence, 1637, and Kingstown, 1647.—J. J. R.

QUERIES.

2001. COOK.—Giles Cook, born in Portsmouth, R. I., April 20, 1730, married there, Nov. 21, 1756, Hannah Cook. Had daughter Ann, born June 30, 1757. In the Census of 1774 is named as head of family of two males and three females above 16, and three males and two females under 16. What were the names of these children, where born, and what became of them? Was he the same Giles Cook who settled in Wells, Me., in 1780?—G. M. F.

2003. STEVENS.—Francis Stevens of Rehoboth had children born there between 1633 and 1671. His daughter, Esther, born June 1671, married Thomas Tingley. Where did Francis Stevens come from and what was his wife's name?—Vernon.

2006. PARTRIDGE.—Timothy Tingley, son of Thomas, married Ruth Partridge, about 1730 or earlier. Will some one supply her ancestry?—Vernon.

2007. SILVER.—Richard Hale, of Newbury, Mass., married March 16, 1715, Mary Silver. Wanted, her ancestry.—Vernon.

2005. BURROWS.—Burrows—Who were the parents of David Burrows, who married Rhode Tingley? He died about 1830 at Waterboro, Maine.—Vernon.

2020. TINGLEY.—Who was the wife of the Rev. Pelatiah Tingley? He was born 1734-5, at Attleboro; graduated at Yale; was settled at Haverhill, and later in Maine and New Hampshire. His marriage is not recorded at Haverhill.—Vernon.

## ANSWERS.

1021. Sisson—Lydia (Hathway

# YACHT RACE

## CONSTITUTION, Columbia

### INDEPENDENCE,

OFF NEWPORT, R. I.

ON SATURDAY, July 6th, 1901.

THE STEAMER PLYMOUTH

Will leave Fox Point Wharf, Providence, at 8:30 a. m., touch at Newport, leaving there at 10:30 a. m., and will follow the Yachts over the course. A strictly limited number of tickets will be sold for this trip.

Rate, \$2.00 from Providence or Newport. Music will be provided by a fine orchestra.

Regular Dining Room service, also Lunch Counter on main deck. TICKETS AND STATE ROOMS now on sale at the Fall River Line Ticket Office, 272 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

OLD COLONY STEAMBOAT CO.

# The Right Thing

## RIGHT TIME

Offered at the Right Price.

Briefly tells the story of our success. And in hottest summer as in balmy spring, you'll find us equipped to meet the most critical demands of our customers.

# Summer Supplies.

Things that breathe an atmosphere of coolness, that's what summer calls for. White Iron Beds to sleep in, Willow Chairs to sit in, Hammocks to lounge in, and a host of other summer comfort-bearers. All here in delightful arrangement and at captivating prices.

# A. C. TITUS CO.,

## 225-229 THAMES STREET.

Sisson, dau. Sarah Cooke (John Francis). Lydia's son Richard Sisson, b. Feb. 10, 1852, m. Mehitable. Children, all recorded in Dartmouth, Mass., except Avis, found on the records of Portsmouth, R. I., were:

I. Susanna Sisson, b. Oct. 4, 1793.

II. Richard Sisson, b. July 17, 1795, m. Alice Soule, daughter of William Soule and Hannah.

III. Thomas Sisson, b. Ap. 22, 1797.

IV. George Sisson, b. Mar. 26, 1799.

V. Lydia Sisson, b. Sept. 8, 1794.

VI. James Sisson, b. July 11, 1796; m. Hannah Howland, dau. of Zoeth Howland. (Henry and Mary Newland.)

VII. Avis Sisson, b. May 6, 1799; m. George Sherman.

VIII. Deborah Sisson, b. Sept. 21, 1795; m. Deborah Wing.

Lydia's daughter, Sarah Sisson, married William Davol, who made his will Sept. 6, 1795; their children were:

I. Lydia Davol m. Mr. Stafford.

II. Hannah Davol, b. Jan. 13, 1792; m. John Mosher, and her aunt, her father's sister Mary Davol, m. James Mosher.

III. Sarah Davol m. George Wood.

IV. Phoebe Davol, m. Richard Merrihue.

V. Joshua Davol.

VI. David Davol.

VII. William Davol.

Lydia's daughter, Rebecca Sisson, m. Jan. 21, 1793, John West, b. Ap. 27, 1697, son of Stephen West and Mary Cooke (daughter of John Francis). Stephen West was son of Bartholomew and Catherine Almy, son of Matthew West of Lynn.—H. R. C.

Some people say that strawberries, like some people, have been cultivated in this.

Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

Commencing July 1, Leave Newport for PROVIDENCE

Week days 7:15 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sundays 11:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. Leave Providence for Newport, week days, 8 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. and 5 p. m. Excursion tickets 50 cents.

The first boat from Newport to Providence and Fall River leaves for Providence at 7:15 a. m. and for Fall River at 8:15 a. m. Leave Newport for Fall River

Week days 7:15 a. m. Return 2:15 p. m. Sundays 11:30 a. m. Return 5 p. m. Leave Fall River for Newport, 7:15 a. m. Return 10:15 a. m. Leave Newport for Fall River 5 p. m. (Sundays, 5:15 p. m.) Leave Fall River for Newport, 7:15 a. m. Return 10:15 a. m. Leave Newport for Fall River 5 p. m. (Sundays, 5:15 p. m.)

B. HUFFMAN, Supl. Transportation. ARTHUR H. WATSON, President.

THE NEW BISHOP

Formal Installation of Rev. William H. O'Connell

Over a Hundred Priests Took Part In Impressive Ceremonies

Portland, Me., July 5.—One of the most impressive ceremonies that ever occurred in this city took place at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, when Right Rev. William H. O'Connell was formally installed as Bishop of the diocese of Maine.

RIGHT REV. W. H. O'CONNELL, D.D.

Very Rev. Administrator M. C. O'Brien of Bangor presented to the Bishop the holy water, which he blessed and returned, and in turn blessed the incense. The procession, numbering more than 100 priests, led by the bishop, then proceeded down the aisle.

The bishop was clad in purple robes, the flowing train being borne by two boys, while two other boys bore the lighted candles, book, crozier and mitre, symbols of episcopal authority.

As they advanced to the sanctuary the priests, after genuflecting before the high altar, retired to seats that had been reserved for them. When all were seated the bishop advanced to the foot of the altar, and was vested with the pontifical robes and mitre and took the crozier in hand. He remained standing while the Te Deum was sung.

At the conclusion, Very Rev. M. C. O'Brien sang the antiphon, "Protector Noster," and prayers for the occasion.

The bishop then seated himself upon the throne, while the entire clerical body of the diocese came forward and kissed the episcopal ring, in token of jurisdiction. After all had kissed the ring, the bishop returned to the altar and sang the antiphon and prayers in honor of the patron of the church.

Right Rev. Denis M. Bradley, bishop of Manchester, then delivered the sermon of the people, and he was followed by the late administrator to the diocese, Rev. M. C. O'Brien, who addressed Bishop O'Connell, conveying to him the welcome of the clergy and people of the diocese. Then standing on the steps, the bishop himself read his address to the people.

"Pardon me," said the busy man to the insurance agent, who had forced his way into his office, "but I'm not prepared to talk with you today."

"Don't let that worry you," replied the insurance agent, "I'll do all the talking."

"Nature is painting the world with generous colors of green," remarked Mrs. Belletier, as she sat on her porch and watched the rain falling on the grass and the young-leaved trees.

"And using water colors," added Mr. Belletier.—Catholic Standard.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, made by George H. Brown and Josephine A. Brown, wife of the said George H. Brown, in the right of the said Josephine A. Brown, of the Town of Little Compton, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to the Island Savings Bank, bearing date March 18th, A. D. 1883, and recorded in Land and Tenure Office of said County, Book No. 17, at pages 5 to 55, there having been default in the performance of the condition contained in said mortgage.

There will be sold at Public Auction, on MONDAY, July 23, 1901, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., on the lot hereinafter described, in said Town of Little Compton, all the right, title and interest of the said George H. Brown and Josephine A. Brown, and of their heirs at the time of the execution of said mortgage, in and to the four certain lots or parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said Town of Little Compton and bounded and described, as follows, viz:

The first is bounded, Northerly, on land of Anna K. Cowen, one hundred and fifteen feet and one-half feet; Easterly, on lot No. 2, hereinafter described, one hundred and thirty-three feet and one-half feet; Southerly, on the highway leading to Fishing Place Cove, one hundred and fifty feet; and Westerly, on lot No. 1, hereinafter described, one hundred and thirty-three feet and one-half feet; and being the said measurements more or less.

The second is bounded, Northerly, on land of Anna K. Cowen, one hundred and fifteen feet and one-half feet; Easterly, on lot No. 2, hereinafter described, one hundred and thirty-three feet and one-half feet; Southerly, on the highway leading to Fishing Place Cove, one hundred and fifty feet; and Westerly, on lot No. 1, hereinafter described, one hundred and thirty-three feet and one-half feet; and being the said measurements more or less.

The third is bounded, Northerly, on lot No. 4, hereinafter described, one hundred and fifteen feet and one-half feet; Easterly, on the highway leading to Fishing Place Cove, one hundred and fifty feet; and Westerly, on lot No. 1, hereinafter described, one hundred and thirty-three feet and one-half feet; and being the said measurements more or less.

The fourth is bounded, Northerly, on land of Anna K. Cowen, one hundred and fifteen feet and one-half feet; Easterly, on the highway leading to Fishing Place Cove, one hundred and fifty feet; and Westerly, on lot No. 1, hereinafter described, one hundred and thirty-three feet and one-half feet; and being the said measurements more or less.

The above described four lots being the said parcels of land herebefore conveyed to said Josephine A. Brown, by several deeds, one of which was a deed, bearing date September 23th, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Land and Tenure Office of said County, Book No. 15, pages 211 and 212, and by several deeds, bearing date of Valentine Simmons, deceased, and being the said parcels described in said mortgage.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to hold said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.

By GEORGE H. THOM, Treasurer.

Newport, R. I., June 23, 1901—624

"Say, fellows, yer don't need ter tink 'em's de only clasp wat got heated on de Point? Yer oughter see me brudder."

Public School Department.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Committee on Buildings of the Public School Department, up to 2:30 p. m., July 10, 1901, at the office of the Superintendent of Schools, for laying new floors in the first story of the building building, Mill Street, according to plans and specifications that may be seen at 7 Sherman Street, from 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved by the Committee.

For the Committee, R. C. BACHELLER, Chairman.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 1st day of July, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of William H. Sheffield, presented this day, praying that letters of administration on the estate of LILLIAN H. SHEPHERD, late of said Newport, deceased, be granted to him, or some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons having claims against the estate of said Lillian H. Shepherd, deceased, and who are interested in said estate, in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, R. I., Administrator of the estate of LUCY ADA FLECKBORN, single woman, late of said Middletown, deceased, that he has given bond to said Court and is now duly qualified to act as such Administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of said Lucy Ada Fleckborn, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

WILLIAM SPOONER, Executor. Middletown, R. I., June 22, 1901—622

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 17th day of June, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of CHARLOTTE A. TRIPP and SADIE K. TRIPP, representing that they are heirs over the age of fourteen years of the estate of said Newport, and praying this Court to appoint Anne M. Tripp, whom they have chosen to be their guardian.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 24th day of July, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons having claims against the estate of said Anne M. Tripp, deceased, and who are interested in said estate, in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, R. I., Administrator of the estate of LUCY ADA FLECKBORN, single woman, late of said Middletown, deceased, that he has given bond to said Court and is now duly qualified to act as such Administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of said Lucy Ada Fleckborn, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LEWIS L. SIMMONS, Administrator. Newport, R. I., June 22, 1901—622

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, R. I., Administrator of the estate of LUCY ADA FLECKBORN, single woman, late of said Middletown, deceased, that he has given bond to said Court and is now duly qualified to act as such Administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of said Lucy Ada Fleckborn, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

HENRY C. SHERMAN, Administrator. Middletown, R. I., June 22, 1901—622

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED having been duly appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of CHARLES TALBOT SMITH, minor, of Newport, here gives notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present them within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to the undersigned.